

Got The Power

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Got The Power

by [scout \(scout_eki\)](#)

Summary

“Sorry Quackity and Karl, but we have to break up. Dreamy, you’re my new husband now.” Dream laughed as Quackity gaped at Sapnap and Karl laughed.

Techno huffed from behind him. “What about me?”

“Sorry, pig boy, but the boy is mine.” Dream didn’t have to turn around to know Techno was glaring, and it only made him laugh harder. The warning bell rang and Dream wiped the tears out of the corners of his eyes, his sides hurting from how hard he was laughing. “Seriously, Dreamy, you look good!”

The blond smiled gratefully. “Thank you, Sapnap, now go to class, you can’t be late or you’ll get detention again.” Sapnap groaned before walking to his class, his two boyfriends following. Dream quickly walked towards his own class, Techno following closely behind. The only good thing about having math class bright and early in the morning is the fact that Techno’s also in the class, but it also means-

“Holy shit, Dream, why do you look hot?!”

... Punz is in there too.

Maybe wearing this dress without a little warning wasn't the best idea.

Or: Dream willingly wears a dress to school and people simp

Notes

this is similar to my other dream in a dress fic, but not really

this was inspired by a comment from waitingforsunrise, who suggested more dream in a dress

also, the dress was inspired by this one piece of art: [Link!](#)

the title is from venus fly trap by MARINA cause it's 1 am and im lazy

WARNING // this includes mentions of past abusive relationships, which included slut shaming

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream stares longingly at the dress in front of him, his hand itching at his side to feel the shimmering material. He wanted to feel the sheer dress resting atop his shoulders, flowing around his thighs as he walked, and encasing past his arms. He wanted to twirl around and watch the skirt flutter up, and then feel it rest lightly against his thighs once again. He wanted so much, but he knew he could never have it.

His ex boyfriend's voice rang through his head as his fingers reached towards the dress, barely grazing the poofy sleeves before he pulled his hand back as if burnt, a scornful voice ringing through his head, sounding suspiciously familiar. *So, you want to be a slut? Is that it? You want to flaunt around your body like it doesn't belong to me? If you want to be a whore, Dream, you should've thought of that before you became mi-*

“Hey,” Dream jumped where he stood, quickly looking to his left, where Techno stood, a bored expression on his face, “Phil got sick of Tommy complainin’, so they’re goin’ to the food court, wanna go?” Dream shook his head where he stood, trying to clear the voice of Lo- *Captain Asshole* —the name Tommy has oh-so-affectionately given Dream’s ex boyfriend, and over time, the older blond found himself using it more and more—away. Once he was certain all thoughts of his ex, along with all thoughts of the dress, were gone from his mind, he finally processed his boyfriend’s presence. Techno had been dragged along on a “family bonding trip”—which translates to “Wilbur wanted clothes and Phil made everyone go”—and Dream, who was already hanging out with him, was dragged along too. Before he could answer the pinkette with a nod, a hand touched his own, lightly brushing their fingers together, bringing a flush to Dream’s cheeks. “You okay?”

The boy immediately nodded, his eyes unwillingly drifting back to the dress. Techno noticed—of *course* he noticed, he’s always been able to read Dream like an open book, which somehow only

increased when they started dating five months ago—and moved his own eyes towards the dress, a small hum escaping his throat as he reached a hand out to touch the sheer top. Dream longed to do the same, but Captain Asshole still had his stupid hold on him, so he refrained. “You like it?”

Dream’s eyes shot from where they were tracking Techno’s hand like a hawk to ruby eyes, surprise clear on his face. “What?” He cleared his mind, *that sounded suspicious, rephrase, rephrase*, rephrase- “Um, yeah I guess it’s pretty, or whatever.” Dream chuckled awkwardly, kicking the ground lightly with the tip of his shoe. He was trying to look nonchalant, as if he didn’t desperately want to wear the garment that was currently taunting him. When he looked up towards Techno’s face, desperate to see if his attempt at convincing the boy had worked, he was met with soft eyes peering at him. Despite being the subject of warm red eyes staring at him for five months now, Dream still isn’t used to it. “What?” He said, his tone bashful as his blush deepened.

“You’re so cute.” Dream’s positive he looks like a tomato at this point, but it makes Techno chuckle fondly, so he finds he doesn’t mind. When they had first got together, Dream didn’t think Techno would be such a soft lover—he knew the pinkette wouldn’t be *an asshole*, not anything close to *Captain Asshole*, but he had thought the boy would be awkward with compliments, or soft touches, or cuddling—but now, five months later, Dream has found that Techno is always soft with him, even if they’re competing over something or teasing each other. “Did you wanna get it?”

Dream visually buffers at that, his shocked gaze meeting Techno’s questioning one. “*What?*” The blond knew his voice must’ve sounded incredulous, but he was way too shocked at Techno’s words to care. *Why is he asking? Would he really be okay with that?* “Would you really be okay with that?” If Techno was joking, Dream was going to look like an idiot, but he’d rather be laughed at for falling for a joke rather than for buying a *dress*.

A confused expression crossed Techno’s face, and Dream had no idea what the boy was thinking. “Why wouldn’t I be okay with it? If you wanna wear it, then you should.” Dream’s mouth was open in shock, and he had half a mind to reach his hand up and close his jaw before he swallowed any flies. *Is he not gonna say anything about the fact that Dream is a boy who wants to wear a dress?* “Here, I’ll even buy it for you, Phil gave me some money before Tommy dragged him away.” A large hand reached out to the dress again, rifling through the various dresses, as if looking for Dream’s size.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Dream reached a hand out towards Techno’s, pulling it away from the hangers, “You don’t find it weird at all that I’m- y’know, a- a *guy* who wants to wear a *dress*?” Sure, Techno was one of the sweetest people Dream knows, and he doesn’t exactly *judge* people, unless it’s justified, but there’s got to be a limit somewhere, right?

“No, Dream, I don’t find it weird. It’s just clothes, anyone can wear them.” Dream nodded, his eyebrows furrowed as he tried to process Techno’s words. He trusted the word of his boyfriend more than anyone else, but Captain Asshole repeatedly telling him that only girls can wear dresses, and that only *sluts* wore the skirt Dream had been looking at at the time, doesn’t go away just like that. Nevertheless, he nodded, deciding to give it a try. Techno smiled at him—that small one that was all soft around the edges, the one Dream only ever saw used on him—before speaking again. “Perfect, let’s find your size.”

That’s how Dream went home that day with a poofy dress in his arms and a bright smile on his face.

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Buying the dress had been one thing, but actually *wearing it* was something completely different.

The thing had sat in Dream's closet for days, taunting him through the open door. Dream had nearly gotten up and threw the dress away multiple times, but every time he touched the fabric, all he wanted to do was feel it on the rest of his body. He wasn't scared that he wouldn't like it, or that it wouldn't look good, he was scared that he'd like it *too much*.

That's how he found himself in Techno's bathroom, glaring at the dress that was hanging up on some hooks on the back of the door. He had thought that being in the presence of his boyfriend would both make him more confident *and* force him to just *put it on*, but as he stands here, cold tiles below his feet, for what feels like hours, he doesn't think anything would help. "Dream?" A knock sounded from the door, and the aforementioned boy's eyes shot up towards it. "You okay in there?" After answering with a small "yeah," he decided to stop delaying the inevitable.

With shaky hands, he grabbed the sheer fabric of the top of the dress, carefully easing it off the hanger before holding it out in front of him. He had taken off his clothes long ago—keeping his underwear on, obviously—and so all he had to do was slip the garment over his head, and then zip it up. As the fabric encased his arms and fit perfectly on his torso, he shut his eyes tightly, moving so his back was towards the mirror, before he attempted to zip the back of the dress up. He had thought that his arms would be long enough to zip it up himself, but apparently not. Hoping Techno didn't already leave, Dream called out. "Hey, Tech?" A hum sounded from the other side of the door, and Dream breathed a sigh of relief. "Can you come zip this for me?"

After unlocking the door, Dream watched out of the corner of his eye as his boyfriend slipped through the space available. He stubbornly kept his gaze forward, staring at the cream colored walls in front of him as Techno stood behind him. Slowly, he could feel the zipper move, the dress tightening around him as it traveled up and up. Before the zipper reached its end, up on Dream's neck, a small kiss was placed on the freckled skin at the base of his neck, a shiver running through him at the soft gesture before the dress was fully zipped up. Before Dream could muster up the courage to turn around and see himself in the mirror, strong arms wrapped around his waist, a head resting on his shoulder. "You look beautiful."

Dream snorted despite the warm feeling festering in his chest from the words. "You haven't even seen the front of me yet." He leaned back into Techno's chest, his eyes closing once again as he basked in the feeling of soft fabric settled around his hips and thighs and his beloved's arms around his waist.

"Don't need to, cause you always look beautiful." Dream rolled his eyes, though he melted at the words. Techno placed one more kiss on his cheek before turning the blond around, raking his eyes down the boy's body, that stupidly-fond smile from before appearing on his face again. He stepped aside, letting Dream see himself in the mirror, before speaking again. "See? Beautiful." And Dream felt like it. The fabric covering his chest seemed to fit perfectly, and it narrowed at his waist, bringing out the figure Dream knew he had, but didn't bother accentuating before. The poofy fabric laying around his thighs fluttered up as he twirled around, a laugh bubbling out of his chest. He felt... pretty.

He turned to Techno, a grin covering his face. His boyfriend was still looking at him, his eyes half lidded with a lazy smile covering his face. He looked drunk, and when Dream voiced this thought, Techno answered with a smug "drunk off how good you look," which Dream *did not* blush at, *shut up*. "Do you like it?"

Dream smiled harder, if that was possible, at Techno's question. There wasn't a doubt in his mind of his answer, and when he spoke, his voice was full of giddiness.

"I love it."

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“Are you sure?”

Dream glanced over at Techno, who sat beside him in the car, their hands interlocked. They were parked in the school parking lot, only minutes before classes started. Phil had left to go talk to the office about something Tommy did, with the blond sulking behind him, and Wilbur had left once he noticed Niki, leaving the two alone in the car. Techno had managed to convince Dream to wear the dress to school, and he was having second thoughts.

“It will be fine, Dream, don’t worry. You look gorgeous, and everyone else is goin’ to think so too. Plus, if someone says somethin’ bad, I’m not afraid to go to jail.” Dream snorted at Techno’s words, squeezing the hand in his own. Techno was right, he does look good and he *feels* good, and he shouldn’t care about what anyone else thinks. He had mostly gotten over Captain Asshole’s opinion of him in “feminine” clothing, and if he sees the boy, he’ll be sure to rub it in his face that he had found someone far better who happens to *adore* him in a dress.

“Okay, you’re right, let’s do this.” With that, Dream opened the car door, grabbing his backpack on the floor before waiting for Techno. The boy had offered to carry Dream’s bag around for the day, since it didn’t exactly compliment his outfit, but Dream refused, even if he was joking (he knew Techno would’ve done it if Dream took the offer, anyway). He planned to just carry around whatever notebooks and textbooks he needed without a backpack, both to save his outfit and also Techno’s back. The pinkette shut the door behind him, and with that, the two started walking towards the entrance to the large building.

Some people glanced at him with blushes on their face, but most of the people ignored him; as long as they didn’t say anything bad, Dream was perfectly fine with it. He could see Quackity, Karl, and Sapnap standing outside the entrance, talking about who-knows-what. He walked by them, foregoing stopping to talk in favor of getting to class, but he stopped walking when Sapnap called out to him, beckoning him over. He followed directions, somewhat hesitantly, stopping in front of the three boys.

Quackity was staring at him with his jaw dropped, Karl was grinning in delight, and Sapnap was smirking at him. Sapnap’s “you look hot, Dreamy,” was spoken at the same time as Quackity’s “holy shit!” Dream laughed at his friends, delight spreading through him when they seemed happy to see him in a skirt. “Sorry Quackity and Karl, but we have to break up. Dreamy, you’re my new husband now.” Dream laughed as Quackity gaped at Sapnap and Karl laughed.

Techno huffed from behind him. “What about me?”

“Sorry, pig boy, but the boy is mine.” Dream didn’t have to turn around to know Techno was glaring, and it only made him laugh harder. The warning bell rang and Dream wiped the tears out of the corners of his eyes, his sides hurting from how hard he was laughing. “Seriously, Dreamy, you look good!”

The blond smiled gratefully. “Thank you, Sapnap, now go to class, you can’t be late or you’ll get detention again.” Sapnap groaned before walking to his class, his two boyfriends following. Dream quickly walked towards his own class, Techno following closely behind. The only good thing about having math class bright and early in the morning is the fact that Techno’s also in the class, but it also means-

“Holy shit, Dream, why do you look hot?!”

... Punz is in there too.

Dream sits down in his usual seat, in between Punz's and Techno's, ignoring the boy next to him. When he finally got all of his stuff out for class, he glanced over at the other blond boy, laughing at the expression on his face. The boy's jaw was dropped and he was practically drooling, his eyes flicking around Dream's body as if he didn't know what to pay the most attention to. Once he realized Dream had noticed him, he closed his mouth, his lips twisting into a smirk. "Not that I mind at all, Dream, but what's with the dress?"

The aforementioned boy shrugged nonchalantly, but he bathed in the praise. "Dunno, just wanted to try it on." He doesn't need to unload all his past history with dresses involving Captain Asshole to Punz, so he kept it short and simple.

"Well, if your objective was murdering everyone, you succeeded." Dream, against his will, blushed at the compliment, before looking towards the board as the teacher started the lesson.

If the day continues as it is so far, Dream's in for a load of simping.

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Not only did it continue, but it also got *worse* somehow.

George had tripped over his own feet when he first saw the dress during lunch, Fundy had spent the entirety of their shared history class staring at him instead of learning about World War I, and Sam's face had turned so red that Dream thought he might explode. Wilbur, who had the advantage of seeing Dream in the dress before by simply living in the same house as Techno, held that fact over everyone else's head, and the ridiculousness of it all had Dream bursting out in laughter in the middle of the lunch room.

He had seen Captain Asshole in the crowd of students milling around outside of school once the final bell had rang, but the boy didn't dare approach Dream, only glaring from afar. The blond smiled smugly in response before going back to his conversation with Techno. The two were walking towards Phil's car, which they could both see in the distance, when Dream felt like he was being watched.

He quickly turned around, only managing to catch a glance of his entire group of friends walking behind the couple like some type of predator, before they all rapidly dispersed. Dream blinked as they all sprinted away, leaving poor, confused Fundy where he was standing. Sapnap, Karl, and Quackity had ran towards a bench, an upside down newspaper hiding half of their faces (besides their eyes, which peaked out the top). George and Wilbur were off to the side, seemingly having a conversation, but when Dream looked closer, he noticed that Wilbur was just saying "watermelon" repeatedly. Sam and Punz were leaning up against a random motorcycle that Dream *knows* isn't theirs, and they had somehow put sunglasses on, seemingly staring off into the distance.

"It looks like you have stalkers, love." Dream grinned at Techno's words, ignoring how Sapnap "sneakily" took a picture of him, turning back around so they could continue walking.

"More like an army of sims." Dream scoffed, but he wasn't mad. It was flattering for his friends to treat him like he held the Earth in his hands, and it was pretty funny to sit through all of their shenanigans. Techno snorted next to him, and Dream shifted his attention from Phil's car to his boyfriend. "Don't act like you aren't the leader of my sims."

Someone started laughing behind the two, but Dream ignored them in favor of laughing at Techno's mock-appalled expression. "Excuse you, I lost the title of simp once I actually started datin' you, don't group me in with those losers." Dream laughed even harder, a wheeze escaping his lungs.

“We both- we- *oh my god*- we both know that isn’t true, Tech. You’ll always be my number one simp.” Dream could barely get a sentence out without laughing, but it got the point across, and that’s all that matters.

“At least I’m in first place, Technoblade never loses!” The pinkette raised their intertwined hands in the air as a victory sign, and Dream could hear people behind him whining—he thinks he heard Sapnap saying that he’d always hold the first place spot, but his voice was cut off with a yelp, as if he’d been hit upside the head by someone else in the group.

Finally, the two reached Phil’s car, where Tommy was staring out the window and laughing at the group following Dream. The aforementioned boy turned around, sighing at the pitiful identical pouts spread across everyone’s faces. “Well, everyone, this is where we part.” The entire group started whining, and Dream’s lip quirked, but he stopped himself from laughing. “However,” he released an amused huff of breath as everyone perked up, as if they were dogs about to receive a treat, “maybe I’ll just have to wear more dresses in the future; you know, to give every style a chance.” Cheering erupted throughout the group, and a blush settled high on Dream’s cheeks.

Yes, he’d *definitely* have to wear more dresses, both to make himself feel pretty, and also to have a whole group of people ready to do anything at a single command from him.

Maybe he’d even wear the original skirt he wanted to wear while he was with Captain Asshole, who knows?

~~He knows, it’s already shipped.~~

End Notes

i hope everyone enjoyed that!!

my twitter is: [scout_eki](#) !!

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